That will be given to the loud'st * of noise we make.

QUEEN. My lord, when last I went to visit her, She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close; Whereto constraint by her infirmity, She should that duty leave unpaid to you, Which daily she was bound to proffer: this She wish'd me to make known; but our great court Made me to blame in memory.

CYM. Her doors lock'd ?
Not seen of late ? Grant, heavens, that, which I fear,,
Prove false!

[Exit.

Qi/jEjsjv. Son, I say, follow the king[7].

CLO, That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant^ I have not seen these two days.

QUEEN. Go, look after.—

[Exit CLOTJEN.

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus !— He hath a drug of mine ; I pray, his absence Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes It is a thing most precious. But for her, Where is she gone ? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown To her desir'd Posthumus: Gone she is **To** death, or to dishonour; and my end Can make good use of either: She being down, I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son ?

CLO. 'Tis certain, she is fled :

* First folio, *l&aod.*

7 Son, I say, follow the king.] Some word necessary to ttie metre, is here omitted. We might read:
" *Go>* son, I say; follow the king."
STEEVENS. The old copy reads :
«---------; that which I
** Fear prove false/* Pronounce *Fear* as a dissyllable, and the metre is complete,